

if i could sing in
a hundred tongues,
"PLEASE RELEASE!"
in every one!





60 PLEASE RELEASE 61

THE PHANTOM FORM	p. 2
WE SLINK SO EASY	p. 8
ON MEMORY OF THE SENSES	p. 9
FEATHREN	p. 11
THE OLD HAUNTS	p. 12
FRANKENFACE	p. 18
INTO THE GROUND/WORK AT IT	p. 19

hello! these are stories about delusion and distraction, stories lifted from the orbits around my life between march 2002 and october 2004 in little rock, providence, and bloomington, IN where the whole thing was drawn.

we should probably seek each other out. maybe not, though. in any event, i promise to be better on my word and on follow-through, and hope to be less full of shit the next time we see each other.

here's to faith, really.

thanks most of all to erin tobey, mike taylor, art middleton, natalja kent, mara golubovich, travis fristoe, eli monster, and dirty eyes, among many others. thanks for the push.

so here's what i've got*
Nate

write me:

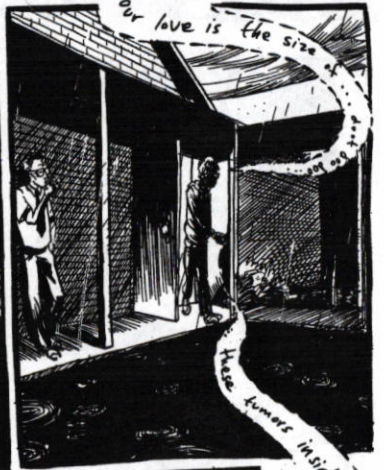
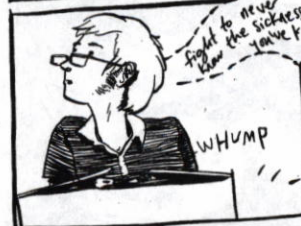
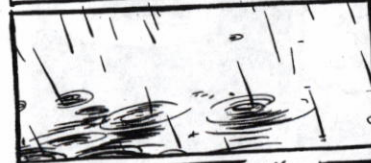
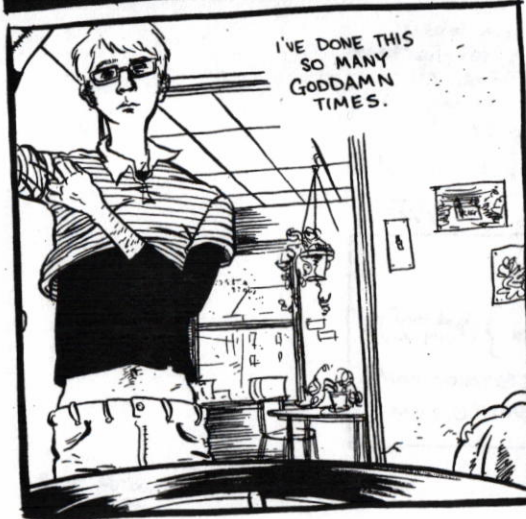
NATE POWELL
1004 W. 6th ST.
BLOOMINGTON IN 47404 USA } (good thru july 05)

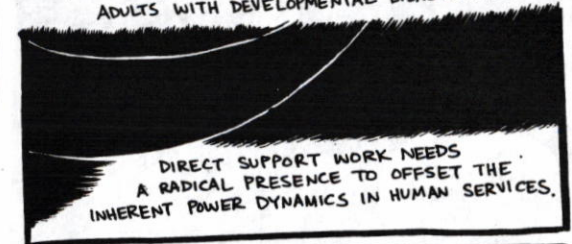
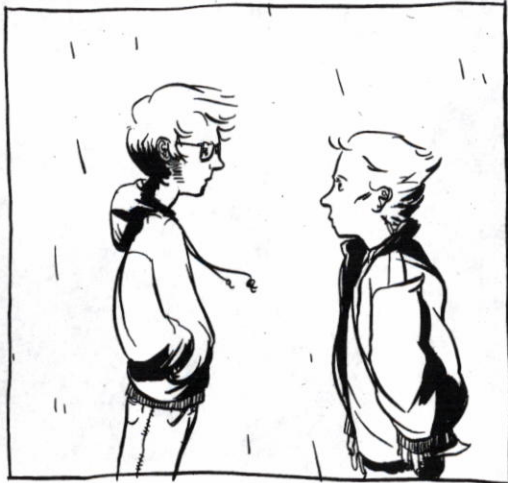
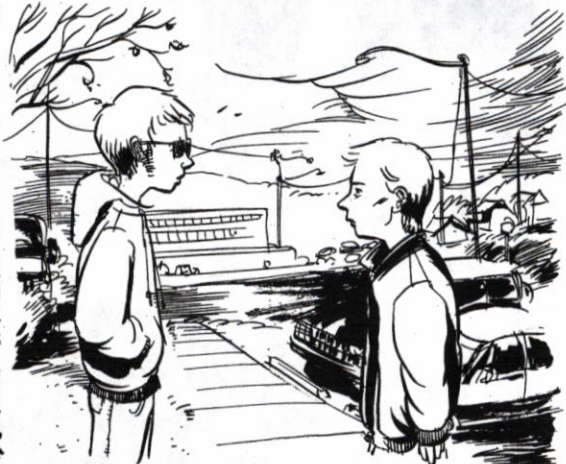
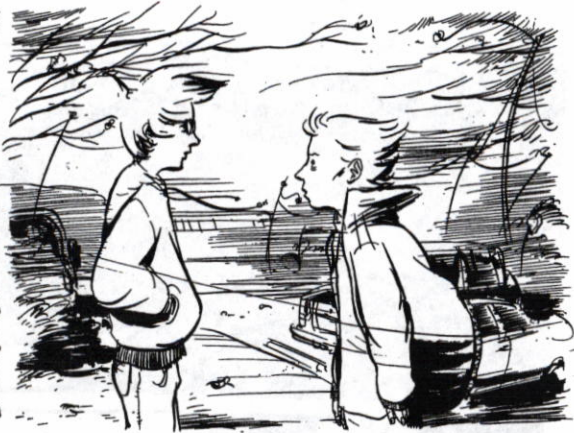
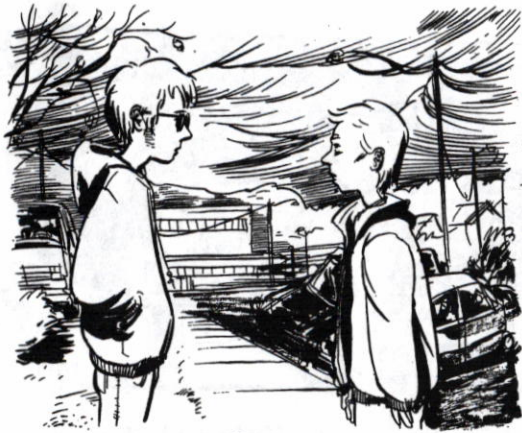
SEEMYBROTHERDANCE@YAHOO.COM
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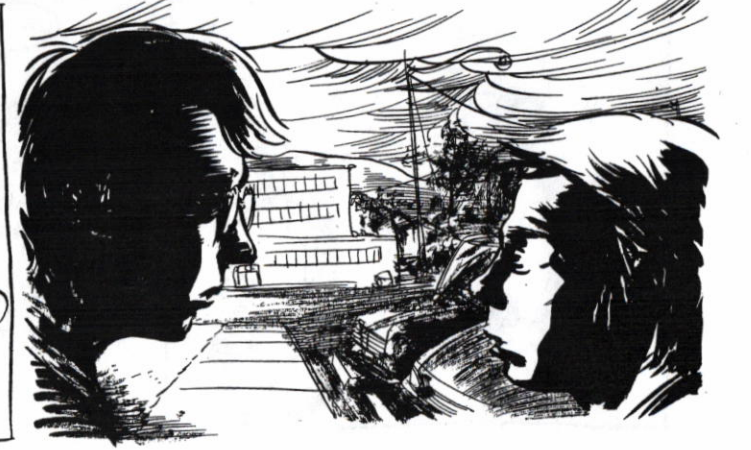
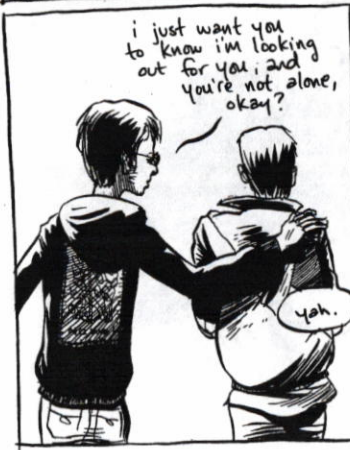
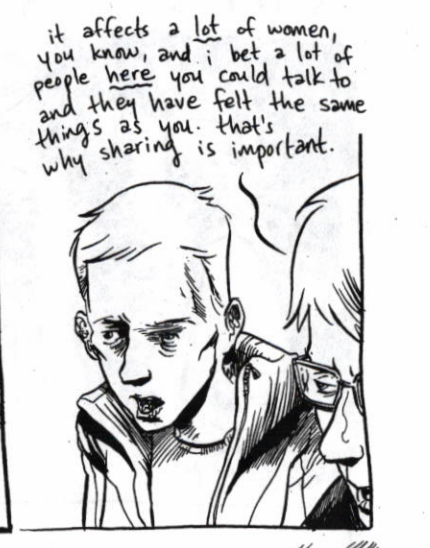
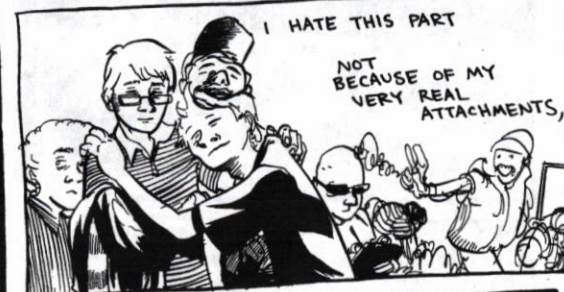


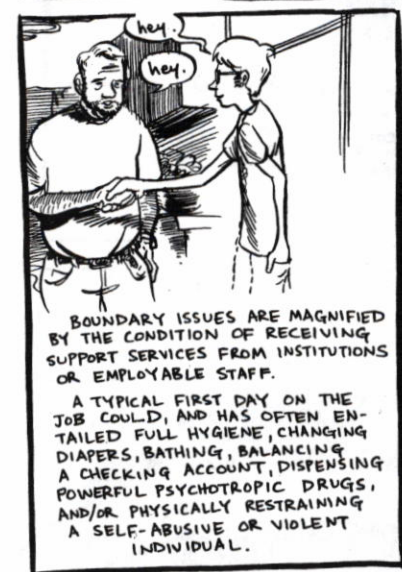
by nate powell
seemybrotherdance@lycos.com

the phantom form









(another staff in which to entrust your most private life.)



IT IS NO COINCIDENCE THAT 80% OF WOMEN WITH DISABILITIES AND 50% OF MEN ARE SEXUALLY ABUSED.

THE ABUSERS MAY BE FAMILY, STAFF, OR STRANGERS.

BOUNDARY AND TRUST ISSUES AND BLURRED DEFINITIONS OF PRIVACY, OF PROPERTY, BECOME POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS.

MY RELATIONSHIP TO POWER DYNAMICS AS ADVOCATE AND RADICAL IS A COMPATIBLE POLARITY-- CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTING VALUES OF SELF, OF PROPERTY AND PRIVACY, MAINTAINING MANY SOCIAL BARRIERS, AND SIMULTANEOUSLY DEFINING CLEARLY MY POSITION AS WORKER, EXERCISING MINDFUL JURISDICTION OVER MY CONTROL AND INFLUENCE IN ANOTHER'S LIFE.

IT'S CONFUSING TO HOLD SUCH POWER AND TRANSFORM THAT POWER INTO EMPOWERMENT.

--MY PRESENCE IS IMPORTANT--

-- AND STILL AN UNREALISTIC IDEAL REMAINS TO BECOME UNNECESSARY AS POSSIBLE.



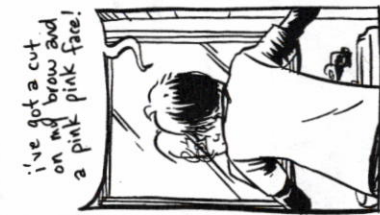
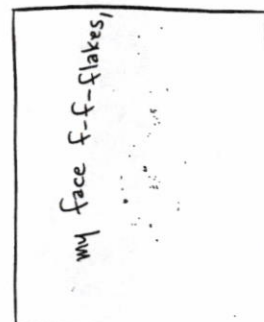
this is the beautiful part of running yourself into the ground!

i get lost, get pissed, plaster on my cola belly,

wiping shit off tile floors
my folly will always take just this shape.

"i can make it!
i'm a gee-nius!
my contributions will change the world!"

bury me in rich black silt
fill my mouth with eyeless birds
pecking, brushing, clawing open air.
i never felt brand new,
just half-done and one-third through.

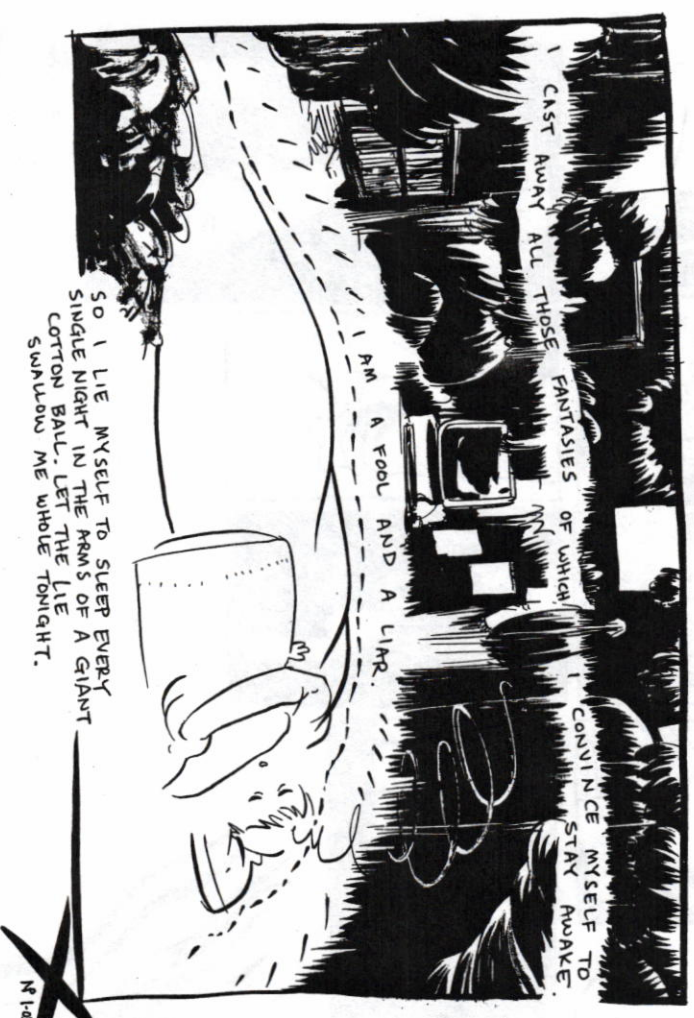
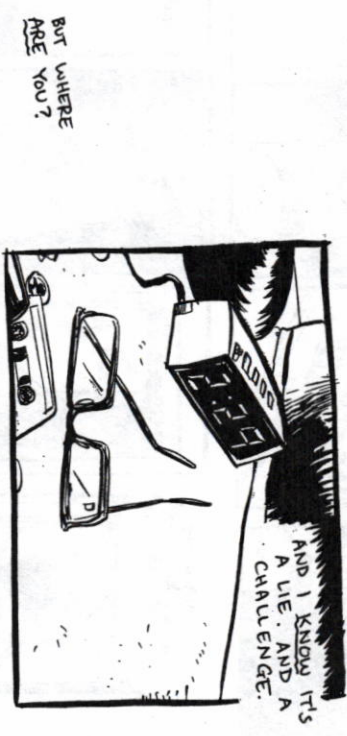
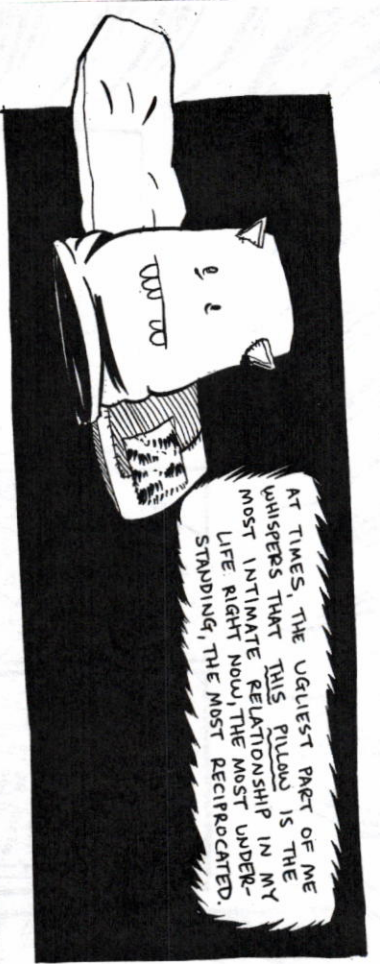
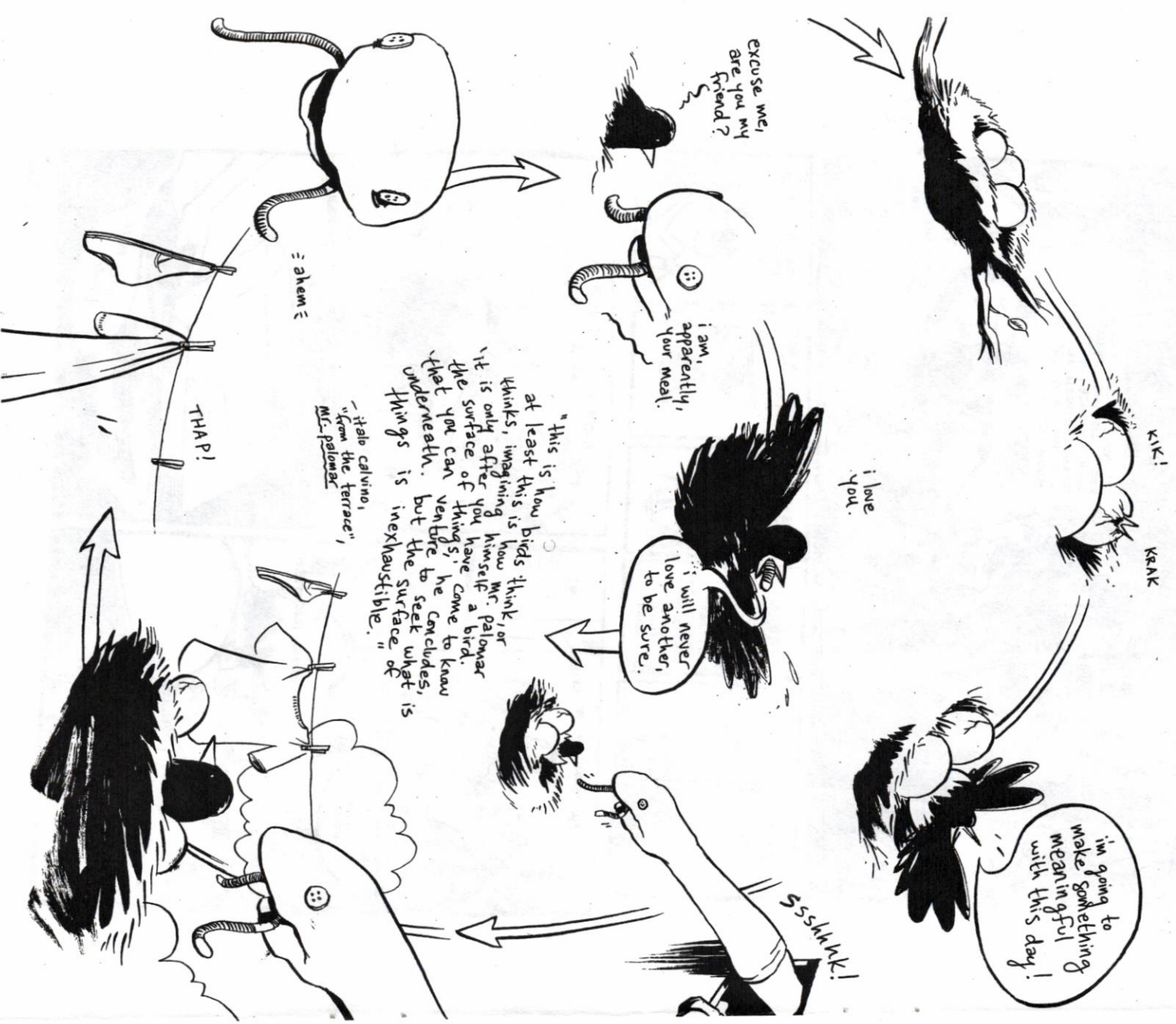


= when =
N° 12.04



CODDLING GROUNDLESSNESS, HONING THE PRACTICE OF THE VANISHING, EXTENDING MY HOME IDENTITY SO FAR THAT IT DISSOLVES.





AMAZINGLY ENOUGH,
MY BED WAS HIGHEST
WHEN I WAS SIX--



AND YEAR BY YEAR,
BUSTED LIVING SITUATION
BY BUSTED LIVING
SITUATION,



THE BEDS KEEP
GETTING LOWER
AND LOWER



SO WHERE DO I
GO FROM HERE?



I FEEL JUST AS SMALL IN
MY BED DUE TO THE CEILING'S
SAME RELATIVE DISTANCE.



AS AN ADULT, MY BED IS
WHERE I FEEL SAFEST, LEAST
AFFRONTED, MOST IN MY SKIN.



IN SHARPER TIMES I FIND
MYSELF BURROWING INTO THE
SMALLEST SPACES POSSIBLE.

hello
pillow.
MY BED FILLS
WITH HEAPS OF
SHIRTS AND QUILTS,



TO FILL ALL THE
SPACES THAT
CAN'T SUTURE
THEIR OWN
HOLLOW.



KLIK!



I MADE SKETCHES
OF A FACE FOR MY
PILLOW TO MATCH ITS
NEW OVERLY-SQUEEZED
LOG SHAPE.

WE TAKE TURNS SPOONING
EACH OTHER.

WE LISTEN EARS
AT ATTENTION.

WE RETAIN EACH
OTHER'S HEAT QUITE
WELL.

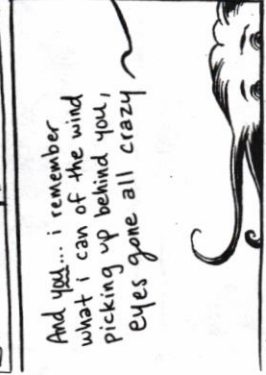


you've got
beautiful
hands.

no, really.



And i've got
your smell
somewhere
deep in my
skull.



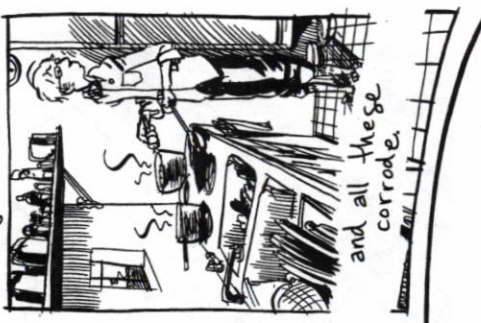
And you... i remember
what i can of the wind
picking up behind you,
eyes gone all crazy



at least i remember what it did feel like,
at least as much as i can feel,
at least as numb as i've grown.
at least



these were my most
powerful sensations,



and all these
corrode.



it really did hurt to look at you
(no, really).

it's nearly impossible to say these things and feel legitimate anymore.

(jealousy.
possession.
anonymity.
injury.
loss.)



let them
roll over your
open eyes.

(go on.)

SURE ENOUGH, THE PARANOIA FADES IN TWO HOURS' TIME, REPLACED BY MORE COMMON, ANXIOUS SPECTRES.



NKTE--
c'mon, let's get on the roof of the school. we can shimmy up the gutter.

me--
i'm just trying to stay as busy as i can, you know. find more projects. put up meaningless flyers. anything to help move this weekend along-- oof!

anything to distract me.

THERE!

THERE IT IS! THE OLD ACHE I CARRIED EARLIER TODAY...

OK YES, THAT'S WHY I WELCOMED THE DRINK, THE FANTASY, THAT FRIGHT.

I WAVED GOOD-NIGHT TO A TRIUMPHANT DOWN THE STREET, THROUGH EVERY POSSIBLE SHORTCUT TO MY CREEPY HOUSE.

keep the feeling going! check the perimeter!

REGRETABLELY, I DID NOT STEP FALSELY OR LOOK OVER MY SHOULDER.

THE OLD FRIGHTS HAD SIMPLY LOST THEIR GLAW.

kik!
this will be the next great chapter!

are you my meal too?
no... i am your feather.

the old haunts



A CALM NIGHT AT HOME WAS
OFFICIALLY OUT OF THE QUESTION.
AND JUST AS I BECAME SURE
I WASN'T GETTING ANY SLEEP,